HOSPITAL COULDN'T HOLD BACK THIS BOY

Little Lie Took Him Into Line with First Americans

STRIPE ALREADY HIS DUE

But Wounded or Not, He Wouldn't Pass Up Chance To Get In On Real Thing

By C. C. LYON
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A fine-featured, delicate-looking lad of hardly 18 was leaning wearily against the front of a building in a little French village, waiting, along with the rest of his battalion, for the word to advance into the first-line American trenches.

The village was just three miles behind the lines, and all days the roads leading to it from the south and west had been choked with American soldiers, American supply trains, American machine guns, and American motors.

The troops for one particular part of the line were to assemble in the village and then go to their trench positions under the cover of darkness.

This 18-year-old boy, leaning against the building, attracted my attention, because he looked so much out of place. He lacked that hardy, rough-and-ready physique that was characteristic of his fellow soldiers.

"Boy," I said to him, "you don't look very well. What's the matter with you—sick or scared?"

No, He Wasn't Scared

He pulled himself together in an instant, looked me squarely in the eye and replied:

"No, I'm not scared. But I just got out of the hospital four days ago, and I haven't got my strength back yet. When we were up in the trenches the first time for practice one of those Boches put a bullet through my side and it sort of took the pep out of me."

"Then what are you doing here now?" I pursued. "Why didn't you stay in the hospital until you were fully recovered?"

"And miss all this? Why, this is the greatest honor that can come to a soldier—to be in the first regiment to be sent into the line. General Pershing must have thought we were the best he had or he wouldn't have picked us, would he?

"I lied to 'em a little at the hospital. I told 'em I was ready for duty again and they let me out. Say, this will be something for me to talk about the rest of my life if I come through all right."

This boy, better than any of scores of others with whom I talked that day, expressed the spirit of the American troops as they waited for the word actually to go into battle.

He got out of a sick bed and shouldered his gun, because he felt his commander-in-chief had honored him by sending him in first, and he didn't want to miss the chance!

Shortly after 4 o'clock, the order was given to get ready, and at 4:30 the march to the trenches began.

I marched out with the first platoon for some distance and then stopped and waited for the rest to pass by.

In seven months, I had come to know hundreds of these boys personally.

An old sergeant passed, at the head of a column.

"So long, Lyon," he called out. "See you again some time, I hope. If I don't just tell the folks back in Terre Haute, Indiana (his home town) that you saw me."

A boy from Columbus, Ohio, went by and held out a letter to me. "It's to my mother. Will you mail it for me?"

Finally, the 18 year old lad went by—head erect, his step firm and determined, his eyes to the front.

"Take care of yourself, boy," I flung at him.

He said not a word, but his hand went to his cap and he gave me the finest military salute I'd seen in many a month.

And this was the way the American boys go into the trenches.

IRVIN COBB HERE LADEN WITH TITLES

Newly-made Colonel Taken at His Word by London Journalist

Irvin Cobb is over here—all of him. Rather, Colonel Irvin Cobb is over here. For, just before he sailed to join the other correspondents in camp with the A.E.F., a wire came to him out of the night informing him of his appointment to a colonelcy on the staff of the Governor, by Gawd, suh, of Kentucky.

Colonel Cobb didn't have time to get very much of a uniform to match his new dignity, but he got some uniform parts and assembled them himself on the way over. He was clad in the *tout ensemble* when, in London, a British journalists over there) called upon him.

"May I not ask, Mr. Cobb" (using a form of address calculated to make an American feel perfectly at home) "may I not ask what uniform that is which you are wearing?" the Briton inquired.

"Well," responded the newly minted Colonel, "I am an officer on the staff of the Governor of Kentucky; but the uniform that I am wearing—"

"Yes?" broke in the Englishman, highly interested.

"The uniform I am wearing is that of a Field Marshal in the Palestinian Guards."

"Oh," said the Englishman, much impressed.

He shouldn't have been impressed. He ought to have laughed. He didn't. Therefore, he fell.

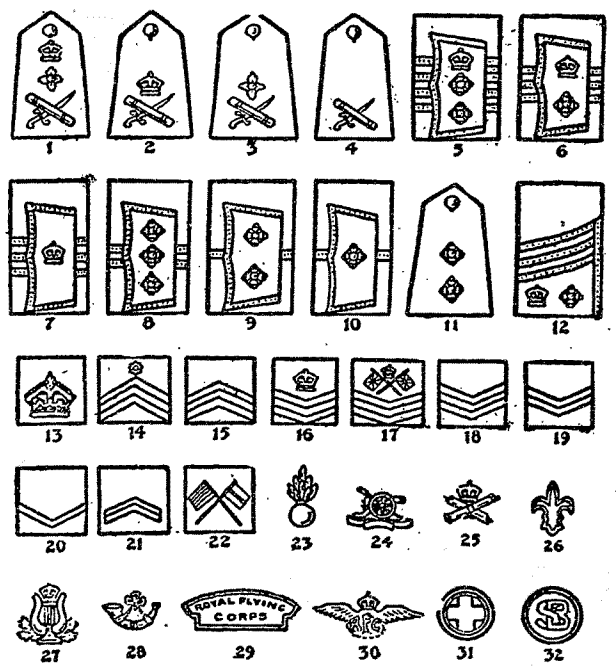
The next day there appeared in a most conservative, correct and accurate British daily a line something like this:

"Colonel Cobb, who is also a Field Marshal in the Palestinian Guards."

When Irv—beg pardon, the Colonel recovered after reading it, he was in quite the frame of mind to recall that saying of good old Doc Holmes about never daring to be as funny as one can. For safety first purposes he now refers to his outfit simply as a synthetic uniform.

INSIGNIA OF OUR ALLIES

.—THE BRITISH ARMY



The French officer wears his rank upon his sleeve. So does the British officer. But there is one main point of difference. Some British officers don't.

Put it another way. All American officers wear their insignia on their shoulders. So do a few British officers. But they're all brigadier generals or better if they do.

Wherefore, if you see a khaki uniform that appears to be neither American, French or Belgian, and if there is a Sam Browne belt across the breast of that uniform—in other words, if you're pretty sure that a British officer is coming your way, and you want to be sure he's an officer before you salute, then look first at his shoulder.

If it is as unadorned as your own, don't give up, but look at his sleeve. If it is adorned with any of the officers' insignia pictured above, salute him.

Then, if you're still uncertain of his rank, slip into a doorway, take the diagram out of your billfold—of course, you'll have cut it out and saved it for just such an emergency—and compare the marking you have seen with the figures given below.

Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 11 are worn on the shoulder straps, and the rank each signifies is:

1. General. 2. Lieutenant-General. 3. Major-General. 4. Brigadier-General. 11. Worn by all officers of the Guards, and on all officers' overcoats.

The insignia for all other officers are worn on the cuff, and are as follows:

5. Colonel.
6. Lieutenant-Colonel.
7. Major.
8. Captain.
9. First lieutenant.
10. Second lieutenant.
12. Cuff as worn by officers in Scotch regiments. The rank is shown by the same insignia as is worn on other cuffs.

Non-Commissioned officers may be recognized by these chevrons:

13. Staff sergeant major.
14. Regimental quartermaster sergeant.
15. Quartermaster sergeant.
16. Company, battery or troop sergeant major.
17. Color sergeant.
18. Sergeant.
19. Corporal.
20. Lance-corporal.
21. Good conduct badge.
22. Signalman.

The devices signifying the branch of service in which the wearer is enlisted are as follows:

23. Engineer.
24. Artillery.
25. Machine-gun corps.
26. Scout.
27. Bandsman.
28. Bugler.
29. Flying corps.
30. Qualified pilot, flying corps.
31. Army medical corps.
32. Stretcher bearer.

SAFE IN THEATER, HE MISSES SHOW

Balloon Observer Bewails Lost Chance to Use Parachute

LIVELY DAYS FOR SAUSAGE

Big Bag Is Shot Down Five Times While Artillery Officer Pines in School

If moved to moralize on the subject of the point of view, consider for a moment the case of the sausage, the observer, and his folks at home.

A sausage, in military argot, is an observation balloon, which is anchored to a motor truck by a piano wire. The truck is to move the wire out of range when enemy guns take long range shots at the sausage. The balloon follows the wire.

The observer is the occupant of the sausage basket. His job is to see what he can see, and report to his friends on the ground by telephone—especially as to the effects of artillery fire from his own side. Oh, yes, and if an enemy avion comes very close and begins shooting incendiary bullets through the sausage, the observer is supposed to leap out into the empty air.

Down he plunges for 300, 400, or 500 feet; then, according to program, the large, light, white parachute attached to his back by a long harness will float out on the circumambient atmosphere, spread out into a sort of one-ring circus tent, and float the observer gently down into the nearest *abri*, or canal, or wire entanglement.

It is obvious, therefore, that it makes a good deal of difference whether one views the proceedings from the sausage, looking down, or from the ground, looking up. The point of view of the folks at home is unpleasant to remember.

Kicking—and in Paris

This little essay is merely for the purpose of pointing out that Charley ———, a "young fellah" who was once a member of a crack society battery of light field artillery, was unreasonable when he moaned about his luck. There he was in Paris—in the Follies Bergère, lest you think a worse thing—not on permission, but unavoidably detained overnight in the city on his journey from school to front—and kicking. Can you outdo it?

One could but listen. And this was the tale.

One unit of the A.E.F. assigned to training duty on the *Chemin des Dames* front, set its artillery observers at work in the sausages, and young Lieut. Charley ——— drew the upper-air job and the companionship of a French spotter.

Day after day they mounted to the limit of the string; day after day the Boche swam up out of the haze and circled toward them, sputtering mitraillense fire. Day after day the Fritz took a chance with a long-range shell, but always the motor truck moved the sausage a few hundred yards to the left or right, and let it up or hauled it down, so as to spoil the range of the next shot.

Charley really wanted to jump. It isn't so much that he said so, but his whole outfit knew he wanted to jump. He was more or less gently kidded about it. Others had jumped; some had jumped when there was no real need of it, and what they got from their K.O.s made the lieutenant's dose look like real commendation.

* * *

Something happened Up Above. This does not mean in the heavens that are above the earth, but in the realms of the Higher Ups. Lieut. Charley ———, actively spotting artillery fire on a very active sector of the front, was ordered to the rear to go to a school for artillery observers, so that he might learn to do what he had been doing.

Back to Paris Again

Off he went, and in a week or two or three, he was ordered back again. It was not only all a mistake, his going to school, but somebody had found it out. He got as far back as Paris—and learned the horrid news.

During his absence, either Fritz got a new gunner with a better eye, or else the avions got more darling, or something. Anyway, the blessed old sausage had been shot down five times, and the observers had parachuted to earth each time—and one more time when they came down and the balloon didn't.

That was what Lieut. Charley ——— was wailing about in the Folies Bergère. That was what one man, looking at the parachute jump from the ground, called hard luck. Almost anybody can imagine what he would call the necessity of a jump, looking at it from a sausage basket.

The only thing left to wonder about is the point of view of the folks at home on such a proposition.

BEHIND TH' LINE

When ye hear th' motor's hummin'
An' ye hear th' Boche is comin'
An' ye hear th' fellows tumblin' out o' bed,
Then ye seem t' have a notion
That ye ought t' get in motion
'Foret h' blamed ole roof comes fallin' on yer head.
Then th' shrapnel gets t' poppin'
An' Fritz lets some bombs come droppin',
An' th' ole dugout is callin' mighty strong;
Ye sure hate t' think o' runnin'
Ev'ry time Fritz comes a-gunnin',
But ye know yer time on earth ain't *extra* long.
Ye're alone inside yer billet—
All th' other lads who fill it
'cross th' way
Have sought shelter in th' dugout
Hell! them bombs is droppin' nearer,
An' yer life seems gettin' dearer,
An' ye almost kinda wish ye'd learned t' pray;
Ye ain't scared, ye're not a coward,
But ye're almost overpowered
By th' dred what comes a-sneakin' in th' dark.
Let ye have yer good ole rifle
An' ye'll think it just a trifle
If ye face a score or Boche an' let 'er bark.
Ye ain't scared because ye're shakin',
An' the short, quick breaths ye're takin'
Ain't a sign there's yellow runnin' down yer spine,
(Fritz is gone, yer pals is comin,
Let 'em have it now fer runnin'.)
God! sometimes its' kinda hell behind th' line!

—HOWARD W. BUTLER.

EXCHANGED PRISONER SEES FIRST YANKEES

Victim of U-Boat Rejoices When Boche Rumors Prove True

NINE MONTHS IN GERMANY

French Sailor's Two Young Sons Were Shot When Hun Entered Lille

He hobbled up on his crutches, his left trouser-leg hanging limp below the knee. His face was drawn and haggard, his whole body emaciated. His uniform, once the dark blue of the French marines, was spotted and faded and minus several buttons. His eyes were those of a man who has seen horrors.

Yet his manner, as he approached the little group of American soldiers, was as gentle as that of the most polished courtcir of the *ancien regime*. Steadying himself on his left crutch, he brought up his right hand—a gnarled disfigured hand it was—to salute, and began, in good but quaint English:

"You—you Americans. I salute you! I, who have been these nine months a prisoner in Germany, salute you. You are the first American soldiers I have seen."

Fired On in Open Boat

Pressed to tell his story, he said he had been on the French battleship La Gloire at the time she was torpedoed in the Atlantic. He had gotten away in a small boat, but the submarine that struck down the battleship pursued his craft, firing at its complement. That was how he lost his leg.

The next he knew, he was in the bowels of the U-boat, a prisoner. Arriving at Bremen, he was hurried by rail to a prison camp, with scant attention paid to his injured limb. Amputation was therefore necessary; with proper care and treatment, it might have been avoided.

For nine months he existed rather than lived in the prison compound, fed on black bread and vegetable parings.

"Water?" he echoed, in response to a question. "No water could I get! Always we were thirsty—and hungry? Oh, so hungry! It was cold, too,—cold all the time. And we were given no clothes; all we had were these,"—indicating his frayed uniform—"that we brought with us."

Rumors of America's Entry

Under the agreement for the mutual exchange of wounded prisoners, he was brought back. He had heard rumors, in Germany, of the appearance of American soldiers on the soil of *La Patrie*, but they were rumors only. He had hoped it was so, but had not known for certain. And now his hope was realized.

"I have a particular reason for wishing to see you Americans do well in battle. I come from Lille. In that city my two young sons—all I had—were shot down by the Germans. I am *blessé*—pointing to his poor stump of a leg—as you see. I cannot avenge them. But you—you may be able to do it! I wish you—how do you say it?—wish you luck.

"*Bonsoir, mes amis, les Américains! On les aura!*"

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